

# Redemption



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He  
Cleansed  
the Leper

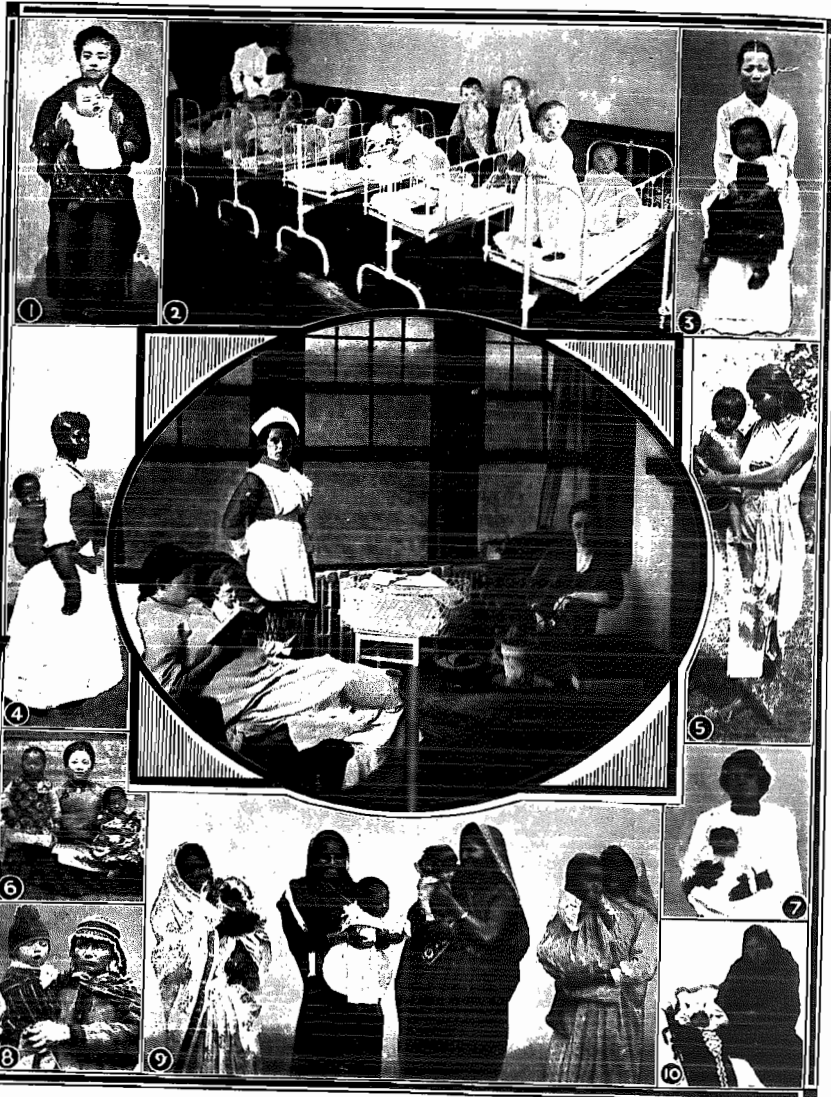


and  
Raised  
the Dead

The  
War Cry

Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth!

Christmas  
1920



Madonnas of Many Climes

The Salvation Army is everywhere active in the service of Motherhood, the best of its skill, and the kindness of its attention being bestowed upon women and children without stint. The most recent development on these lines has been the extension on a large scale of the Hospital at

is one of the sun-rooms of this department of the Bethesda Hospital, London, Ont. No. 2 is a scene from the nursery of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, in which is seen the Superintendent, Brigadier Mrs. Payne. The other pictures are of mothers and children.

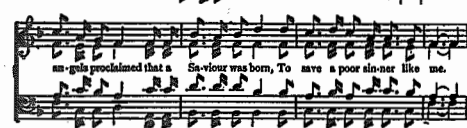
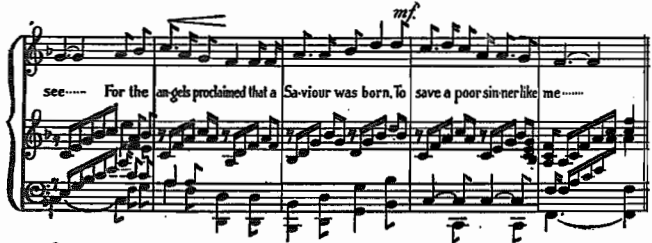
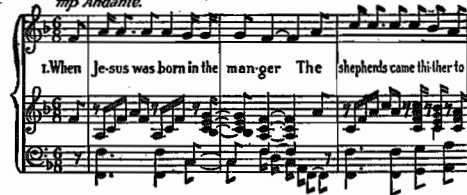
# TO SAVE A POOR SINNER LIKE ME!

## REDEMPTION'S STORY IN SONG

Verses arranged for  
the piano by

Staff-Captain Florence  
Easton, T.M.G., Toronto.

*mp Andante.*



He was wounded for our trans-gres-sions,  
Acquainted with sorrow was He;  
In the garden He prayed, and sweat  
great drops of blood,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was brought to Pilate for judg-ment,  
(true)  
He was sentenced to hang on a  
"It is finished!" He cried, when He  
suffered and died  
To save a poor sinner like me.

Death's barriers could not hold  
Him,  
He burst them asunder for thee;  
On the third day He rose, in spite  
of His foes,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

# The Creator of Love

## Some Seasonable Thoughts by The General

JESUS CHRIST'S great work was love—that is to say, He was not only the great Lover Himself, but He made love. He was the Creator of Love. His purpose in coming to this world was to bring into being amongst men and spread abroad a new and wonderful love. No doubt there had been love of a certain kind before His actual coming amongst us, and no doubt that love had wrought wonders. But His love was different. It had special features. It was given for a special purpose. It was spread by means of His own choosing.

### THE GREAT COMMANDMENT.

All this is perfectly clear in the history of our Lord's life and teaching. He Himself said that the great commandment was to love—to love God first and more than anything else, and to love our neighbour as we love ourselves. The love thus commanded, He said, would fulfil all the requirements of God's law, and comply with all the demands of His Prophets. He did not say that to love was the same as to do all other duties, but He did say that to love like this would make sure that all our other duties, whether to God or to our fellows, would be done.

And He not only commanded love in this way, but He taught and showed continually the fruits which would flow from it. In fact, unless we realize that all the time He was speaking He proposed to bring us into that heart of love, a great deal of His teaching becomes almost useless.

As an example of this, look at what He said about forgiving injuries. Of what use is it to tell people to forgive injuries, which they feel acutely, unless you first bring their hearts into a forgiving state? Or take what He said about blessing our persecutors, and praying for those who are spiteful towards us. What possible good can it be to tell anybody to do that unless there is first some way of getting a new feeling towards those who wrong them?

### CAME TO TEACH FRUITS OF LOVE.

So that, as I say, it was not only that He commanded us to love, but that He came to teach the fruits of that love.

But this brings me back to what I said at first, that He is the Maker of this love.

Now, consider a moment what Love is. It is not an action. It is not an opinion. It is not a confidence or a faith. It is not a hope or ambition. Love may produce many of these things, but it is something greater than any of them.

Nor is this love a mere emotion. It is not a feeling. It is not merely a spirit of kindness, or

generosity, or patience. It is not even mercy. No doubt some of these things are included in this love, and they all more or less proceed from it, but even taken altogether they do not make up the love that Jesus Christ came to Bethlehem and to Calvary in order to bring in.

The love that Christ came to proclaim is a Divine thing. It was God's working in our hearts, and joining His own love with our human love. We cannot say that the love Christ creates in us is all His own love. We cannot say it is all our love. It is a union of the two. It is the love of God firing the love of man, as the old verse has it:

"Come shed abroad a Saviour's love  
And that shall kindle ours."

It is a Saviour's love, but it is our love. It is Divine, but it is human. It is Heavenly, but it is also earthly. It is so great that the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain it, and yet it is so simple that it can be born into the heart of the meanest miser that ever lived, and can be seen in the bare-footed slum child, who has scarcely known even a mother's love.

### HOLY LOVE IN HOLY LIVES.

But it is a Holy Love. It is not merely an enlargement of earthly love, no matter how sacred, for earthly love has grave faults in it, and often much selfishness, and left to itself is an unholly thing.

The love Christ comes to create is a **holy love**, and so we never see it at its best in power and beauty except in those who have given themselves up to live a holy life. Here is one of the reasons which leads the Army to insist on a Full Salvation. It is only when men are cleansed from all sin that this holy love can be created in them. It is only then that it can be seen bearing those mighty fruits of righteousness and salvation, which Jesus Christ promised, and which again and again the Word of God declares.

My dear Comrades, I feel especially this Christmas time that it is the great work of the Salvation Army to encourage and to spread this holy love for God and man. I put God first, because he must be first. You remember Paul's exclamation: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and I would reverently repeat that blessing and say: Grace be with every Salvationist, blessings be upon every Corps and every Outpost, and upon every Institution that is helping to spread this love, and showing men how to receive Jesus as the Creator of love—love not only for Himself, but love for those whom He loved—for those whom He loved unto death; even unto the death of the Cross.

# BETHLEHEM HAS A MESSAGE

## CHRISTMAS BELLS CALL TO SERVICE AS WELL AS REJOICING



### Shall the Salvation

The dwellers in darkness and the lost and suffering of all nations continually appeal for help. Christ has been sent to the world by the Salvation Army, would answer every cry with the wisdom of God, but in order to do this must have supplies of men and money on which

[From the British "War Cry"]  
earth to remain marked! Do they not realize someone that the claims of the starving, suffering, and dying? Is it not the only way of the Jesus of Bethlehem? Much has been done, and the past year











## 11

## CAPTAIN KINDHEART'S CONQUEST

of FIVE FORKS CITY

joy just as heartily.

A good crowd soon collected and Salvation was preached as faithfully as though the preacher had anxiety in the world.

When he had finished, he had his first surprise; gentleman came up, and after shaking his head wearily, said that although appearances were against it, his men, nevertheless, came praying here in Five Points.

The Captain went and ascertained a doctor one day. But his uniform was as a red rag to a bull. With a surly oath, he told the Salvationist to "be gone." He would have

nothing to do with the Salvation Army or with "any Salvationists' brats." Why didn't they clear out of the city. Whatever reason could they have to be there of all places?

They weren't wanted. Short, cutting sentences — shorter than the railing oaths with which they were punctuated.


"Don't blame the child," the captain pleaded. "Surely

**T**HE happy band of Ranters who frequented the old railway arch "glory-shop" had called him Captain Kindheart. In the rebound from self-centred orthodoxy and smug and snug respectability, the early Salvationists often taboed such conventional designations as "Minister" and "Reverend."


But he came.

PASSED WITHIN THE GATES.

The child was dying even then, and a moment after he entered the bare room in which she lay, little Ivy had passed within the Peary Gates to spend Christmas



But she wouldn't go. On her knees as she was, with her face wet with unavailing tears, the mother clasped her hands in prayer. The Captain knelt at the other side and silently clasped her hands in his.



How he had arrived hundreds of miles from Mead—how far and how—a tale for a comrade.

It was just as well they did not call him "Happy Harry"; as they might have done, for he certainly would not have looked his part as he now sat in the railway platform with his wife and little family by the side of him, and the tail-end of the train disappearing round the bend.

"It looks like parting from our last friend," he said, jerking his head towards the warm lights on the rear of the Hall. "Here we are, a month from Christmas, no Hall, no soldiers, no lodgings, nobody to meet us, and one dollar in the world! Let us tell Jesus."

The Captain's wife was not in a heroic mood, but she said, "I'll go with you. I'll be with you. I'll be with you."

The doctor looked on the strange scene and then around at the bare walls and comfortable home. There was silence in the chamber of death.

Then, with Western impulsiveness, he threw his soft hat on the floor.

"If there is a God who can give His people such a home, I'll be with you. I'll be with you. I'll be with you."

The Captain smiled the saloon-keeper to drive him out.

Sequel to the Captain's Second Surprise.

**LONELY AND FRIENDLESS.**

This time, Captain Kindheart made Mrs. Kindheart his confidante. In the

and the children as little Kashi  
waiting-room, and sailed forth  
streets of the strung "city," feeling almost suffocated  
with the loneliness and the friendliness of it all.

An hour later he was back at the station.  
"Come along dear," he said, with something of his  
old, mad old woman's, who loves God,

My Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hand,  
I'm the child of a King.

"There was nothing in the cupboard at home, and  
the Captain had no money to bury his child, but such  
was the reality and depth of his salvation joy that,

"GOD MUST HAVE SENT YOU!"

"God bless you!" was the Mayor's greeting.

has offered to take us in. She can only give us one room for the lot of us, but never mind. We will make the best of it."

Then followed many trying days for the Captain and his devoted little wife. Not having a Hall there was only the open air for them, and they were not allowed

even to preach in the streets without official permission; this favour was granted, but only grudgingly, after the Mayor had failed to induce the Captain by either threats or bribery to pull up his stakes and go elsewhere.

Having secured a tumble-down house in a mean



praying for years for him. And now you must see that your family have a merry Christmas. You want a Hall. Well, there's the old City Hall, it's the chair at your meeting to-night, Captain. That is proud if you shake!

P O S  
Jas. J. Connelley      Wm. H. Kewell from

When Captain Kindheart took his little family and tried to convince himself that their troubles were almost at an end. But it wasn't so. For a long time he was of the Captain and his wife had been filled with a terrible foreboding of coming evil, as they watched their little Ivy fading before them. And so, this

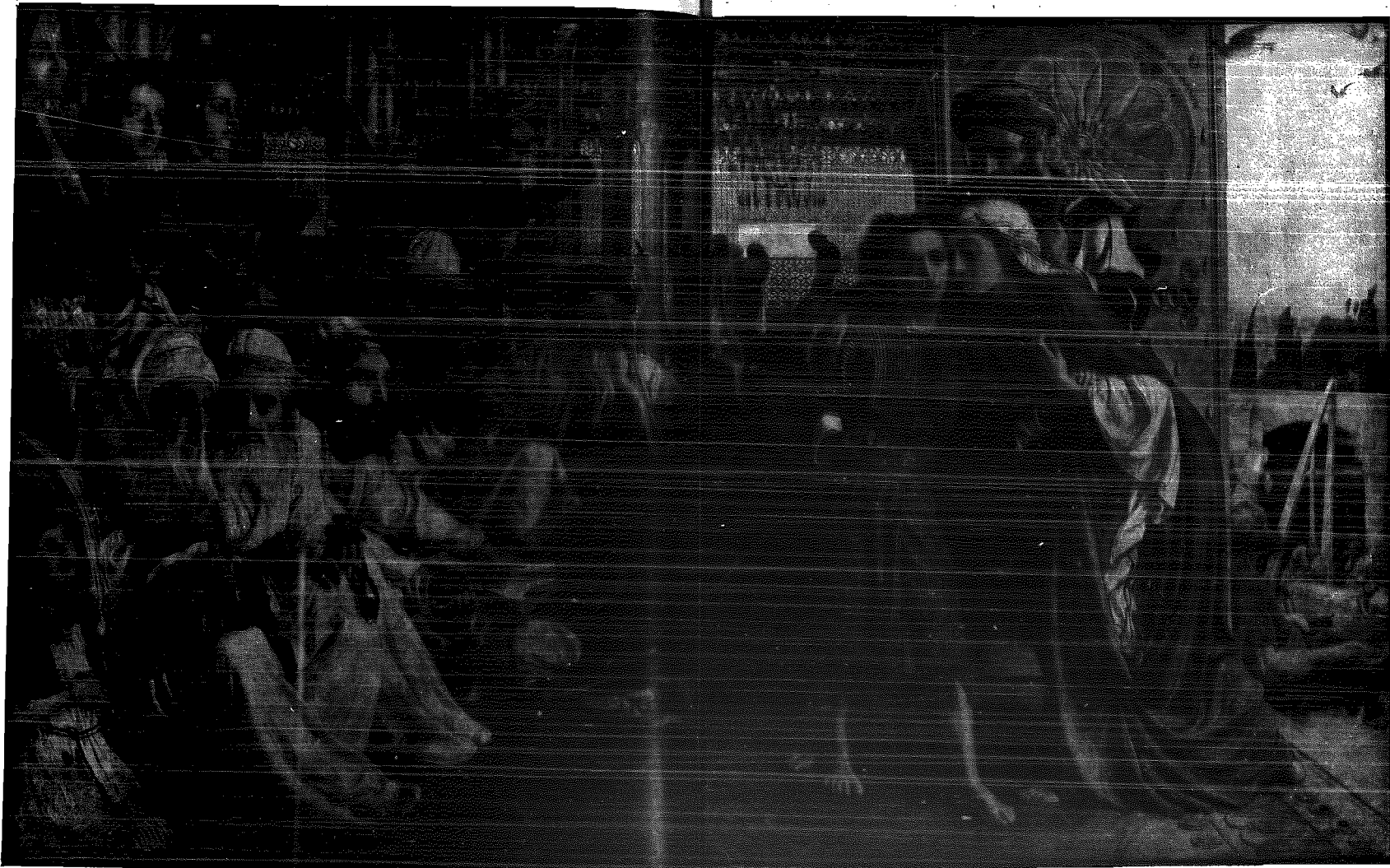


The Captain has since gone to join little the better Land, but before he did so he had to see his other children following in his footsteps.

Little does the world know of the secret burdens and sorrows carried by the devoted men and women who serve the nation. In the heart of the desert, a lone figure stands before a vast, open landscape, a symbol of the quiet sacrifices made in the name of duty.







[From the painting by W. Holman Hunt.]

Joseph and Mary went a day's journey before they realized Jesus was not with them. Are you sure He is with you, now? Have you maintained intact the consecration which enthroned Him King of your heart and Ruler of your life? Are you where He can be with you?

## THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE

"After three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions."—*Luke II, 46.*

[By permission of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.]

When they found He was not with them, Joseph and Mary sought diligently and sorrowing till they found Him. The restoration of Christ to His place in his or her heart and life is the most important matter in the whole world to the man or the woman who has lost Him?



Copyright "The Sphere." Drawn by F. Matania

## Where Christ

Since Jerusalem was freed in 1919, a British guard has stood in Bethlehem. A silver star marks the spot where the Lord was born. The event which caused the birth of Christ is the subject of the Christmas story.

For centuries before this sacred spot, under the star, was the words, "His dearest child was born here." The birth of Christ is the subject of the Christmas story.

## REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD

By Commissioner Wm. Eadie, Canada West

HE was young. The train carrying me carried him also. He was a stranger to me, nevertheless. I was not so to him. It was noticeable that he was restless, and that his restlessness attracted attention to him. Some of his fellow travellers showed annoyance about it, and him. I wished he would settle down, and not move about so much, passing me to and fro as he walked in and out of the car. But if anything he grew more and more restless, until he asked at last if he might sit beside me. I consented and made room for him, wondering the while, why he desired to sit with me? Why should he single me out to sit with?

### Met Him in Prison

I was not left long in wonderment; he quickly commenced to inform me. "You will not remember me, Commissioners," he said, "I regretted having to tell him I did not, to which he quickly remarked, 'I could not expect you to do so, as the last time I saw you, Sir, was in the B— Prison, at C—'. I was there for illicit liquor selling, and you came and redeemed me. I thought I knew what he meant, as continuing his story he said, 'You came with musicians from your Headquarters. We, who were incarcerated, when we heard the Salvation Army Band was coming, laughed, and had many a joke at the idea. Salvation Army musicians being able to give us entertainment. Our inclination and intention was to ridicule you all when you arrived.'

"Well you all came. You may remember it was the day following Christmas Day. You played, and you sang, and you invited us to join with you. Our expectations were exceeded. We were all silenced before you. You spoke to us, words, the kind of words which we were wont to hear in our early boyhood. Our hearts were touched, and we were made ashamed of our previous thoughts and intentions toward you. At the time, we may not have known it, but we knew afterwards that many of our consciences were awakened. Things of the past, evil things, arose in our minds, and would not be silenced.

### Presented with a Card

"When your service closed, we returned to our cells, to be presented with a card a few hours afterwards. A Christmas card, containing a wish, a prayer, and a promise of friendship. I put mine away, and strove to forget the service and the card also, and in some measure I succeeded. In due time I was released, but the memory haunted me. Soon afterwards the Great War broke out. Being Dutch, I felt no responsibility to share in it. I thought it was an Englishman's affair, but I have since then come to think differently, and I am now on my way to the camp at P— to join one of the Battalions for France.

"And, Sir, I must tell you when I came to empty my trunk, to dispose of the things I had, and that I would not need as a soldier, my mother, who was beside me, discovered at the bottom of it your Christmas card. Its inscription was in my mother's tongue, and I could read it, and as we did so together, my conscience was re-awakened and my memory aroused to the prison, the musicians, their songs, your words, and my sins. My mother, seeing my distress, spoke to me, as she had done so often through my life, and urged me to kneel there and then and give my heart to Christ. For a time I resisted her pleadings, but in the end, that night only three days ago, I knelt before Christ and gave myself to Him.

card, which I shall carry with me wherever I go."

His restlessness was all explained. He remembered me, He wanted me to hear his story, and when he had done so he settled down, and conversing with him, I sought for the rest of the journey to help and strengthen him in the Salvation of God which he had so recently found and was so much enjoying. Thus he went forth to war with all its attendant risks and dangers. Redeemed, not with silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

At this season of the year we think chiefly about the birth of Jesus. At another season we think about His crucifixion and His death. But birth and death together present to us the purpose of His Being. Why did He come? Why did He go? Was it not as the Apostle puts it "that he might redeem us? And does not that signify Redemption? The theme which is the idea of our Canadian Christmas War Cry?

"Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus 2: 14. (R.V.)

### Need of Redemption

We are told that to redeem is to purchase back, to rescue, to recover, to make good. And we know quite well that nothing of the kind can be done without effort, payment, sacrifice on the part of the redeemer, whoever he may be. We also know that there can be no redemption without need of it on the part of the redeemed. Applying alike to persons, places, or things. And as another by the sea or any other waters must be drained to be redeemed. Articles pledged must be bought back again by money. So man overcome by the powers and spirit of the world, or sin in many other of its many forms must needs be delivered of sin, not manifest itself in these and in a hundred other forms.

Human life is surely in a very unhappy condition, and that is to speak mildly of it. Look at its selfishness. Each one apparently striving to get the best of the other. May this not be truly said of men and nations alike. Look at its greed, its "striving for the mastery," its jealousies, its suspicions, its distrusts. Is the state of the world and of the people of to-day not very much like it must have been even as Israel was in the days of Isaiah the Prophet, when he said, "Ah! sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity . . . evil doers . . . forsaken the Lord . . . gone away backslidden . . . Do not the fact of sin not manifest itself in these and in a hundred other forms?

There are some uncertainties in our human life. Man's resistance and unwillingness to accept Jesus and apply His teachings to the affairs of daily life, has led him backward and away from Him, until his mind has lapsed into uncertainty concerning God. Remember the world-wide acknowledgment of God; of His existence, of His Being, of His rule in the affairs of men, made only but five or six years ago, and notice the seeming forgetfulness of Him there is everywhere to-day. And yet, despite this, deep in the sub-consciousness of man, the fact is realized that GOD IS.

If therefore we say that men are unconscious of Him and uncertain concerning Him, is there any uncertainty concerning SIN? There can be none. All sorts and conditions of men are accusing each other of it, seeking for their own class or party, as they term it, THEIR RIGHTS. But, and to that end, if few exceptions, redemption is sought without a Redeemer, and thus the world con-

moves further and further from the solution of its own problems, and continues in its sin. The fact of sin in human life declares the need of a Redeemer.

### Consider the Means of Redemption

The unhappy state of human life reveals the need of the Redeemer with startling clearness. All else having failed, and still continuing to do so, Governments, whether of the personal life or political by their actions admit the fact. Well then may Isaiah say, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." "Hear the Word of the Lord, ye rulers." "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings." "Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord. And in this wise only does the Redeemer appear manifesting His plan of human redemption. "Who gave Himself?" This is the fine exclamation of the Apostle. "He gave Himself. If the Hand of God is extended to sinful man, and is mystical? And it is: can there be any more comprehensive word to express it? I know not, Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself to the world in the Virgin birth. Who gave Himself in the stainless purity of sinlessness of His life among men. Who was not affected in that purity by the shamelessness and sinfulness of the peoples of His day. And as a crown to the whole measure of His life in bodily form among men suffered and submitted Himself, indeed gave Himself to death upon the Cross of ignominy and shame. How much more than in these His giving was loveless, friendless, homeless. He gave Himself. His sacrifice transcends all others. There has been nothing like His. He gave Himself.

"Long years ago when earth was dark and still, rose a loud cry from a lonely hill, our Where in the frailty of our human Christ our Redeemer made His self-chosen way."

A little child falls into the water. It is deep. The child is helpless. A strong man plunges in, and brings the little one safely to shore and mother's arms. It is the redemption of the child from death.

### To Save Us from Sin

The world is a sea of sin, whose waves is death. Jesus "gave Himself that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify us unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works." Iniquity should be interpreted lawlessness, for that is in truth what is meant by the word. The purpose of Jesus is in this wise the more clearly revealed. "Redeem us from all iniquity." Which means all lawlessness. Such redemption then signifies more than the forgiveness of sins, beautiful as that is. It embraces that forgiveness nevertheless. Nor does it mean the passing away of penalty for sin only; it does mean that, but as iniquity, lawlessness, bespeaks active resistance of God. So this Redemption means a complete change of nature, and deliverance from iniquity, that is from the evil of sin.

It leads up and into the blissful experience of possessing Christ and of being possessed by Him, and inspired by His indwelling to be zealous of good works. And thus He, who gave Himself, includes in His plan of redemption that we should just as readily and willingly give ourselves.

My comrade, friend, consider His giving. Consider what you owe to Him in return. The fields of the world "are white unto Harvest," the "Labourers are few." Redeemed you are. Possessed by Him. Possessing Him. Shall you not complete that redemption in your own life, and come to His Altar and there lay your life, give yourself, that you may live

# The Demittance Man

BY HERBERT RYALL

"I CANNOT put up with it any longer, my mind is made up, Cecil must leave home! Besides, all arrangements are now being made for his departure."

The speaker was a well-set-up man of military bearing. His iron-grey hair and moustache betrayed the fact that he had seen his fiftieth birthday, yet there was an alertness about him that gave the impression that he was still in his prime. His countenance was that of a man of inflexible purpose, but there was an absence of hardness, or even sternness.

That he was a man of discriminating taste and had prospered in this world's affairs, was evident from his surroundings. The soft rays of an elegant red-shaded table lamp served to picture the luxuriously furnished room.

The man had risen as he spoke, and was pacing slowly up and down. His movements made no sound, for at every step his feet sank deep into costly Turkish carpet.

"But my dear, this is Christmas Eve! cannot you give him just one more chance?"

The voice, that of a woman, was tremulous with suppressed emotion. Seated by the wide-open fireplace in which a fire of logs burned brightly, was a woman of fifty summers, who, as she pleaded, half turned and faced her husband.

The light from the fire brought her well-preserved figure and regular, mobile features into bold relief, and glinted on her wavy, silver-grey hair.

There was a strong, kindly, pallid face, one which immediately invites trust and confidence. "Cannot you give him just one more chance?" The man paused and looked tenderly upon his wife, weaved a moment, then said, "No, dearest, Cecil has to learn his lesson; he has had more chances now than are good for him."

The woman winced slightly and her lips trembled, then resuming her former position, gazed long and silently into the flames rising from burning logs.

The servants, with the exception of the butler, had retired long since, and silence reigned through the mansion. The sound of a clock in some distant part of the house, striking the hour broke the stillness—eleven—twelve.

## SOUND OF BELLING

"The woman stirred. 'It is Christmas Day, Ronald! There was a sob in her voice, and her husband moved quickly to her side. As he did so the sound of singing broke out clear and sweet upon the night air. 'Christians, awake, awake, awake the happy morn!'

Taking his wife's arm, he led her gently to the window and, drawing the heavy curtains aside, together they looked out into the night. Snow was falling and its white mantle covered the earth. There, immediately in front of the large facing window, the little body of singers were drawn up, and as the bright light streamed out upon them they appeared to sound out the glad tidings new dawn and new day.

Christians awake, awake the happy morn! Whom the Redeemer of mankind was born! Which hosts of angels chanted from above! With them the joyful tidings first began Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Suddenly the hoarse, discordant sound of an automobile horn, and the intense glare of headlights, enmeshed the approach of a car up the avenue, and the singers, dismayed, as with a whiff and jerk the machine drew up at the mansion's spacious entrance.

The opening, by the butler, of the great hall doors, caused a flood of light to fall upon the figures of the two men ascending the wide stone steps. One was the chauffeur, the other a young man of twenty-five, tall, slender, with eyes like fire. His face puffed, and a faint, his eyes were freely of strong drink. There was an air of knowing about him nothing that his intoxicated condition, and the fact that he had seen

His parents met them in the hall, the father, stern and unsmiling, dismissed him with a curt, 'You are a disgrace to the family, sir. Out as much sleep as you can get, you leave the country in a few hours.'

The mother, with an expression of mingled sorrow, love and pitying disgust, extended her arms appealingly to her boy, who hung his head and lurched heavily up the wide staircase.

Ronald Cartwright had begun life as a poor lad in the textile trade. By sheer grit and perseverance he had risen to the top, and at the time of our story appears one of the most wealthy, influential and highly respected manufacturers in the Midlands. Both he and his wife had always taken an active interest in Christian work, and when their boy arrived, their one desire was that he should grow up to be an earnest Christian man, and, better still, to become a minister of the Gospel.

Their hopes, however, were far from realized, for from his early school days, his inclinations led him to seek company which was by no means helpful to him. He went from bad to worse. He entered the University.



The farewell words of his father.

Verily, but because of his conduct was expelled. This nearly broke his mother's heart, and resulted in the father deciding to send him out of the country. Where among the father and son, and the end of the matter was that the father said he should leave for Canada at once. The first calling happened to be on Christmas Day.

The snow fell which fell on Christmas Eve had a far different effect on the Port of Liverpool than upon the countryside surrounding the home of the wealthy manufacturer. Instead of enveloping it in a white mantle, the snow that rained was a mottled grey and the thoroughfares and gutters ran with dirty slush.

The skies were low and threatening on the afternoon of Christmas Day, and those pedestrians who were abroad found walking far from pleasant.

On one of the landing steps, amid the usual rush and bustle of the last moment, a man of about thirty years of age, dressed in a heavy coat, was waiting for the last train. He was waiting for the last train. He was waiting for the last train.

The vessel's siren sounded the signal for passengers on shore to go aboard, and Cecil Cartwright passed up the remaining gangway and immediately went below. His father did not wait, but hurriedly left the landing stage and returned home by the first train. He found his wife in a state of collapse through grief at her son's departure.

Cecil Cartwright's mind was too befogged by drink for him to appreciate his father's final words of advice and counsel. On going aboard, his first thought was to obtain a 'buzzer' but, as he was expected, he did not stop there, and was soon smothering freely.

Another of his basest instincts was gambling. His father knew to his cost, for he had repeatedly paid his son's debts to save him from dishonor and additional disgrace. A man always prevalent in the company of men with like tastes as himself, and it was not many hours before Cecil was deeply engrossed at the card tables. His father had given him sufficient money for his immediate needs and had arranged for a certain amount to be sent to him periodically. The gambling craze took such a hold of him that he seldom ceased to play, even to eat, consequently when he landed at Halifax he was in bad shape and certainly not a credit to the land of his birth.

How Cecil managed to pass the immigration officials it is difficult to say, but shortly after setting foot on Canadian soil he was entrained for the Great West, far from where he had landed, and he had hardly sufficient money to carry him to his destination.

It is the depth of a West Canadian winter. There is part of the world that has a more bleak aspect than the sparsely settled parts of the prairies in winter-time. The flat snow-covered landscape stretches away to the horizon here and there, frequently many miles apart, stand the isolated shacks of homesteaders. The temperature is fully 40 degrees below zero and a blustering, biting, penetrating wind is blowing, causing the loose crystalline snow to whirl in fantastic flurries, and settle in great drifts many feet deep.

Three years have passed since Cecil Cartwright landed in Canada. Instead of improving, he has become more lost in his habits, and the receipt of his father's periodical remittances are occasions of reckless abandonment.

The news of the death of his mother wrung his heart, and in his effort to fight his sorrow and remorse, he fastened a spirit of reckless indifference as to what happened to, or became of him, and he was lost, if he had not already lost, every particle of self-respect.

## MADE NO HEADWAY

Shortly after his arrival in the West he had taken up land twenty miles from the nearest town of importance. His efforts at farming, however, were as spasmodic as he had made no headway, and his sheep became more of a hindrance to him than a source of profit.

It is late in the afternoon and young Cartwright is alone, recovering from the effects of the debauch of the previous night, his keen companions having left him some hours before.

The wind, increasing in violence, finds every crevice in his poorly-built abode. The fire in the small heater, through the draft of the door, is nearly out and the temperature in the shack is falling rapidly, whilst at length causes the homesteader to beat himself and add more fuel to the dying embers.

There is a shak-down in the corner, a rough deal table and some chairs, and general litter everywhere—dirty pots and pans, papers, firewood, empty bottles, articles of apparel, etc., etc. Pasted on the walls for the purpose of keeping out the piercing wind are pieces of many newspapers.

Having made up the fire, young Cartwright turned to a small chest and rummaged through its contents, muttering with a curse, 'Christmas Eve, the third since the memorable one!'

"It's a brute, that's a son of a gun, for I broke my poor mother's heart. Brute! Oh! worse, for the beasts are more than men. But I have been, and am, absolutely devoid of feeling."

standing several bottles. To his utter disgust and disappointment every one is empty. He paces and listens to the raging blizzard with the thought that he might venture to turn for something to quench his burning thirst, but though in a state of semi-intoxication he realizes that it would mean certain death for him to undertake the journey on such a night.

"Christmas Eve," he mutters as he puts more fuel into the glowing heater. The wind is dry and relentless, and spluttering rapidly into flame, illuminating the shack.

Again he lies down and tries to compose himself by reading the old newspapers on the wall nearest him. Suddenly his eye is arrested by the words, "The War Cry."

He had never noticed them before, and they interest him strangely. He sits up and looks closer at the printed page. Then with a start he reads, "There is a way that stethem right unto a man, but the end thereof is death," and, further, "Christ died for the ungodly."

Cecil Cartwright scarcely knew what fear was, and as for death, he had faced it many times, but somehow he could not dismiss certain of the words from his mind. "The end thereof is death"—"Christ died for the ungodly."

Never in all his life did he put in such a night. What with his thirst and his disturbed mental state, he could not sleep, his only consolation was in the thought that in the morning he would drive into town for liquor.

It was Christmas morning, and Ronald Cartwright sat terribly lonely as he ate at breakfast, for this was the first Christmas since his death. He was lonely, and desired to be alone. Orders had been issued that he was not to be disturbed.

Cecil Cartwright, troubled from his departed wife to his wayward son, and from his wayward son to his departed wife. He wondered what his boy was doing on this third Christmas away from home; then he found himself querying what his wife would like him to do this Christmas Day if she were alive. What would please her most? Could Cecil Cable Cecil make the suggestion as if in direct reply, and be decided to do so for his dead wife's sake.

The Salvation Army Officer and his wife in command of the Corps at the place had been kept specially busy for some weeks previous to Christmas. Theirs was not a large Corps, but they had a band of faithful out-and-out soldiers. Their chief field of labor was among the lonely homesteaders, whom they visited as often as possible, and Cecil Cartwright was one of the number. Quite recently they would meet him in town and were on fairly good speaking terms with him. They had learned something of his past and longed to help him reunited with his people, but they were especially anxious to see him make his peace with God, and of late he had been much in their thoughts and prayers.

They realized he was a prodigal, and he had come very far, but in their work for God they were actuated by the inspired assurance of the Lord's Founders, "Be ye faithful for now and go for the reward," and Cecil Cartwright was among the first names on their prayer list.

They had wondered how he would pass his Christmas, and not seeing him around town presumed he would spend it alone on his homestead. "We saw let him do that," said the Captain's wife to her husband. "I suppose that we make up a basket and take it out to him." They decided to do so on the morrow.

Christmas Day dawned clear and bright. With the exception of the high snowdrifts, all traces of the storm had disappeared, and the rays of the sun sparkled and danced upon the snow-covered earth.

As the Captain and his wife left their quarters with the basket of cheer and made their way to the ivory stable, the bells of the two churches began to peal out the glad tidings of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

"Why, then, Cartwright?" suddenly exclaimed the Captain's wife. "He must have risen early to reach town at this hour."

Sure enough, driving straight for the ivory stable which they were approaching, was Cecil Cartwright. "You have arrived on a long drive, Mr. Cartwright!" exclaimed the Captain as he drew near. Then he hurried to meet him with a further exclamation, "Why, the poor fellow's body looks as if he were dead!"

Then Mrs. Captain asserted herself. "He must come straight home to the quarters; he requires prompt attention." Young Cartwright's remontrances were of no avail, to the quarters he had to go and went.

Hands, face and feet were found to be badly nipped. The affected parts were suitably treated and he was instructed by his nurse to make himself comfortable on the lounge.

It was years since young Cartwright partook of such a Christmas dinner. The craving for strong drink was still with him, but the kindness that was lavished upon him gripped him, and when he learned the story of the basket he was more deeply touched than he had been for years.

The dinner had been partaken of in the evening and at its conclusion the Captain proposed that he read a portion of Scripture. Strange as it may seem, and yet not so, the reading selected was the favorite portion of Cecil's mother. He recognized it, for it was the story of the home at Bethany and the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Often had he listened

to it as his dear mother's knee, and it seemed as if he could read that he loved the past over again. He heard his mother's sweet voice and felt her gentle touch upon his head. He strove to control his feelings, but, much against his will, and to his great embarrassment, his tears began to fall.

The Captain had barely finished reading when there was a sudden rap at the door, which the Captain's wife hastened to open. "Mr. Cartwright in, Mrs. Brown?"

The ivory man told me he thought I would find him here."

"I have a cable for him."

With his eyes still filled with tears, Cecil opened the envelope and read—

"My dear boy, I wish you a happy Christmas. If dear mother were here, she would do so, too, I am sure. God bless you—Your affectionate father."

The cable fluttered from his hand and he sank down heavily upon the lounge, burying his face in his arms as he did so. "The Captain's wife had been looking at each other and silently agreed that the best thing for the moment at any rate was not to disturb him, so quickly left the room."

"Most strange," thought Cecil, as he lay unable to restrain the flow of tears. "Most strange that there should be this double appeal. Poor old dad, he must be lonely, but suppose I return it! Out of the question for a godless creature like me, it would be far

unbelief; but he became desperate and sought God with all his heart."

The Officers were faithful to their calling and their earnest prayers and faith were a great help and benefit to him.

At length the dawn came, the storm ceased, the sun of righteousness shone forth into the heart and soul of Cecil Cartwright, and he became a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

New Year had come and gone and Spring was rapidly approaching.

Ronald Cartwright, who has aged considerably during the past months, is seated in his library, listlessly turning over the leaves of one of his favorite authors. His thoughts are of his boy. No acknowledgment to his cable has reached him.

"Excuse me, sir." A servant enters with a message on a silver salver, which he hands to his master and silently leaves the room.

It is a cable and from Canada.

"Your son Cecil wishes me to advise you. He was converted on Christmas Day. I was willed to prove himself before advising you. He is in the land, doing splendidly, and a credit to our Corps. Is writing you fully—Captain Brown, Salvation Army."

"What a wonderful Organization it is! May God prosper it!" was Ronald Cartwright's words as he resolute for a cable blank—H. G. O.

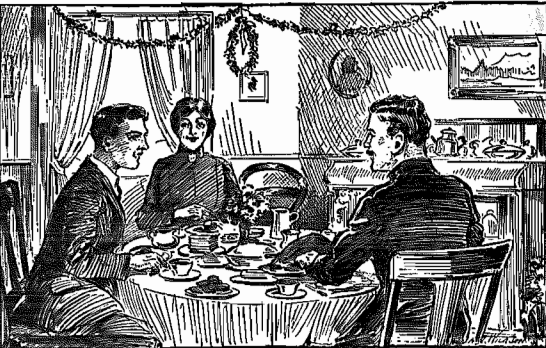
better if I had died when a youngster. Died?" "There is a way that stethem right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Like a flash the Scripture on the wall hit Cecil and his experience of the previous night came vividly before him.

"Godless?" "Christ died for the ungodly." Died for the ungodly?" he asked. "Not for the likes of me?"

"Yes, for the likes of you!" Cecil started, and looked up, and to his surprise found the Captain half-bending over him, with an expression of kindly interest akin to affection upon his face.

Thinking that he might read something, the Captain had entered the room quietly, and as he approached the lounge heard him repeat the Scripture, also his query, and added, "Yes, Cecil, for the likes of you."

That Christmas night Cecil Cartwright was born again of the Spirit of God. It was a hard struggle, always is. There was agony of remorse, the pang of repentance, the call to submission, the fight against



"It was years since young Cartwright partook of such a Christmas dinner."

## The Praying League

BY MRS. BLANCHIE R. JOHNSON.

"We trusted that it had been His will that we should have been redeemed in time."—Luke 24:21.

INSTEAD of the first Chapter of Luke with the Christmas story, we are told the message upon the last chapter of the gospel written by "Luke, the beloved physician," met one of the twelve Apostles.

The resurrection of Christ bears the same relationship to the resurrection of the dead as the resurrection of Christ bears to the resurrection of the dead.

At the beginning of that Redemption of which we write to-day; the other is the end of the Redemption of which we write to-day.

Perhaps because the coming of the Little Child is a fact more easily grasped by the finite mind than the rising out of the sealed tomb of a crucified man, we find people dwelling more in their thought on Jesus and His birth than upon the risen Christ, and what is sometimes regarded as the miracle of His bursting death's bonds and appearing upon the earth before the astonished eyes of His friends.

In the present instance we cannot write of all the wonder of that rising; of the resurrection of the dead in which the Redeemer was clothed; of the reason why

technical phases there is much diversely of opinion.

We would ask our readers thoughtfully to read through the whole chapter of Luke with the story of His Nativity and the fifty-third of Isaiah. Then read the sweet story of the two hours' prayer of the Lord who, as they walked along the highway and communed together suddenly became aware of the stranger to whom they were evidently drawn by some sort of affinity, for the sympathetic tone in His voice as He inquired the cause of their sadness drew from their lips the whole story of their sorrow and disappointment.

What a revelation to them was the unveiling of the Redeemer's face! How they were drawn to Him by the fullness of His love! How they were drawn to Him by the fullness of His love!

not only emphasized the need of His suffering for the redeeming of the world, but that He must rise from the dead. Paul tells us that we are all men made miserable."

In proclaiming this wonderful Christmas story, let us ever keep before our minds the great full and central truth of Salvation's plan. He came a Babe in Bethlehem. He lived in human form. He suffered a miserable, cruel, ignominious death; He filled a borrowed tomb; He rose again the third day. He ascended into Heaven. He sent His Spirit in the day of Pentecost, the fullness of the fullness of Redemption from the Divine side. God so loved the world that He gave His only



## RESCUED FROM DESPAIR

After Twenty Years of Rebellion Against God—A Moving Story of a Comrade's Return to God, and the Salvation of His Family.

"I was converted when a lad of sixteen, and for some five years put my whole trust in God and his redeeming love," writes Brother John Barker of Poughkeepsie. "But when I came a time of financial reverse and I was turned out of house and home with my wife and eight children. For five years I struggled hard to make money and get a new start in life, and all the time I was a prey to the most bitter feelings. I foolishly blamed God for my misfortunes and grew to hate the very sound of any religious music. For nine years I never stepped inside of any church, and I even hated to see my wife and children. I burnt every Bible that I could get my hands on, and there is no knowing what lengths I might not have gone had not the thought of the unpayable sin come to me. This checked me somewhat, and for twenty years I lived in rebellion against God and His cause.

## TWO ARMY GIRLS

"I happened to be in Poughkeepsie when one Army girl arrived at the station. Shortly afterwards I saw them heading an open-air meeting.

"They and I, why I love my Jesus," as they stood there alone and the words went home to my heart. It was the Army meeting I had wanted to attend.

"Having bought a farm some three miles west of the town in 1907, I was the course of time got acquainted with the Officers.

"They visited my home and invited us all to attend the meetings. Two of my boys and one girl were living at home then and they often went to the meetings with me. I shall never forget the night when the Officers conversed. Their message touched me deeply.

"Two other Officers took their places, and they had not been a town when one of my boys, about twenty years of age, got saved and joined the Army. I know nothing of it as he was away from home most of the time. In December, 1918, he caught the 'flu' and died.

"He said his mother was to write for him, he was ready to go. As I gazed in his face as he lay in his coffin I realized that I was not ready about his call came for me.

"As the Army Officers heard that we had sickness in the home they came to visit us and were shocked to learn that their comrade had been taken away. They conducted the funeral service and so my boy was laid away in the grave. I thought that the service would be for ever in my mind not get saved.

"So I made up my mind that I, too, would get ready to meet death whenever it came. I cried unto God to restore unto me the joy of His Salvation, which He had given me.

## MADE PUBLIC CONFESION

"The Officers forewarned soon after and there were no Army meetings till the following year. Then two more Officers were sent in, and at their first meeting they invited persons to come to the meetings. I thought there is my chance. It is a duty I owe to my family and my friends. I had heard we were the name of God for the last twenty years except in atheism and carnage. I will make a public confession of my sins. I do not want quarrel with my eldest son. Side by side, we knelt as we prayed the blessed message of God's forgiveness for misdeeds past. My youngest son also came forward during the day. Oh, how my mother and daughter rejoiced. It was a day long to be remembered.

"Three months afterwards there was an earnest meeting in that Gorse where Father, Mother, and two sons took their stand as Army Soldiers. All the rest of the family were saved, but belong to other churches. We are all trusting in Jesus, however, and hope to meet in one unbroken circle around the throne of God.

## THE 'HELPING HAND' IN ACTION

Two Stories from Western Canada Showing How the Salvation Army Aids Those in Trouble and Distress

## WANTED TO BE A COYBOY

"Tom's ambition was to be a Western cowboy. He had read of their thrilling deeds and during some of the fun of breaking in broncos and riding bounding steers he had thought could settle on nothing else. He had tried to ride Haud, the mule, in a dream, and, like all the rest, he was feeling lonely, had failed, but he had had lots of fun even in the effort.

"Coming from the Maritime Provinces he arrived in a Western city just at the eve of a stampede. Pictures of cowboys riding bucking steers and cutting bronchos caught his eyes, and he came to the conclusion that he was in good luck. So he was—but not perhaps in the same manner as he had expected. He saw the stampede of cowboys, but he was disappointed as he turned his eyes away he discovered a copy of 'The War Cry' on his bed. He turned his leaves over until he came to the last page where an announcement 'We Are Looking for You,' met his gaze, and reading the list of names under the heading save his own, and discovered that his mother had acquired of the Salvation Army to locate their son.

"The following week the League of Mercy again visited the hospital, and this time Tom didn't flinch, but was wide awake and anxious to converse with the Army Sisters.

"Tom is now back home, conversing, having heard of the women in uniform, and good for him. Something more—Tom found him who came to seek and save. And what lovely time ever.

## HE WAS COLD

"It was a pretty odd reception that awaited A. P. on his release from prison, after serving a sentence of six months. He had been arrested in July. His total wardrobe consisted of the clothing he was wearing, and his wealth was 'two bits.' But why it was that he was to be found at four or five dollars a day in the harvest fields, and with little in view he was seen riding the bumper of a freight when the alert eye of a C.P.M. official spotted him, with the result that he lost his summer's work.

"His term expired and he was released at eight o'clock on the morning of December 26th. With the thermometer hovering between 90 and 100 degrees in the shade it was very convenient for A. P. not to be burdened with the much clothing, but in this Christmas Eve with a blizzard of blinding snow and biting cold blowing, he felt that a little extra clothing would be far from burdensome. He sought a lamp room shelter in the hallway of an office building, and tried to think of the best thing to do. Far from being a pessimist, he was yet feeling a little down, and, adding to that from his pocket—he and which was returned to him that morning along with his sister's hat. Then he debated with himself as to the best way to spend it. If he bought a meal he would have to go to bed, and if he chose a bed for the night, then he must go to that bed as a matter of course. But—what of it—mercy, Christmas Day? That must take care of itself. He muttered to himself, 'Fiddle, a dinner talk, a bed,' he tossed the coin, and the portrait of King George appearing upon it, a dinner was decided upon. He left the warmth of the passage-way to reheating at the nearest restaurant. His lone 'two bits' far late when his attention was attracted by a familiar voice speaking. 'Keep the pot a-bubbling.'

## WHAT A SAVIOUR!

By Lieut-Colonel Frank Morris, Chief Secretary, Canada West.

CHRISTMAS DAY! What memories it awakens. What a day of rejoicing! Even the Salvationists who revel in praising His Redeemer at all seasons is found on Christmas morning, long before the breaking of the day, playing his instrument or singing carols, for he cannot wait or restrain his feelings of unbounded joy at this extraordinary meeting time. Methinks the Angels in Heaven once again take up the song, 'Glory to the newborn King! It is a day of happiness. A festive day. What a contrast if He had not come. What despair and tears. But with Him we have life, the life of a Saviour. A development of His love. He came to save us. He has done it. Hallelujah!

## WITH HIM EVERYWHERE

We will continue to go forth in His name and in the power of His might into the streets of Canada West, into the homes where the harmony of His presence is not felt; with Him into the jails; with Him everywhere, carrying the message of saving and redeeming Grace for all. He came as the Gift of God.

We know that directly responsible for Christmas is the birth of our Saviour. What a source of help it is to have clearly defined message bringing us forcefully to the Divinity of our Lord, and reminding us that the prophetic concerning Him were actually fulfilled nineteen hundred and twenty years ago.

The scripture, if he stops a moment to think, knows it is clearly a fact that Jesus came into the world on Christmas Day. He cannot get away from the truth. It stares him in the face. The ungodly try to enter into the joys of the festive season, but also, they do not know anything of its true spirit.

The song the Angels sang for that glad morning is as sweet as ever. 'For unto us is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord!' It is the message of the shepherds. The heavenly host heralding such a message were behind by the shepherds of their time, and before the break of day—the darkest part of the night. Since then He has ever come to us and help us in our darkest hours. And He also still comes to those who are humble in spirit. It is impossible to realize fully what His coming has meant to a lost world.

## PROCLAIM THE MESSAGE

Let us ever the blessed message everywhere and impress upon one and all that the great Deliverer really came to be our Saviour. Let not our love grow cold to be practically expressed! Let us follow the wise men once again to the Manger in Bethlehem!

## LIVING AND GROWING

The brightness of the Christmas does not fade away. There is still for the world the glad joy of children; the subdued, but fuller joy of age, which has learned the need of a divine Saviour and has found this need to be met in Christ; there is the joy of those, looking out upon wrongs still unrighted and sins still unquenched, recognizing in Jesus the Great Redeemer, the Law-maker for a new order, the Divine Brother and Redeemer. They see in this God-man the revelation of God and the interpretation of His law in terms which all can understand.

So Bethlehem, the birthplace of our King, is likewise the birthplace of a new rule and new hope for the race, a new force militantly making for righteousness. The Kingdom of Christ is not decadent, but living and growing. Never before have so many bowed to His master as to-day; never before have so many entered into His spirit; never before have so many shared the personal comfort of His presence, or cherished the hope of His ultimate and universal reign; never before were there so many rejoicing.



## A CHRISTLIKE

Last Christmas a young man and woman of Toronto, who had recently been married, sought the help of the Captain of the local Salvation Army.

First Christmas dinner in their new home. The boys had a real good time—and so did the young

# THE 'WAR CRIES' of All the World

## Sister Truelove and her Christmas Visitors

## OF CHRISTMAS DUTY

### A GREAT SURPRISE TO MANY

REFUSED TO BE TURNED

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND

## CHRISTMAS IN INDIA AND REMINISCENCES OF FAMINE RELIEF

**NOTHING MORE TO SELL**

**BE A GREAT BLESSING**  
 started when a few months back I

While, dear friends, you are receiving your Christmas greetings, and filling up little ones' stockings, remember those who have no parents to do it for them, in blessing the "least of these, ye have done it unto."  
—Veera Bai (Jane Russell), Adjutant, (retired),  
Toph, Ont.

**By Nicholas Wills**

aying Truelove held out h

War Cry," "you may share very careful, only please

AT CHRISTMAS

Thank you for the Christmas card. I was thinking of my bird

"I was thinking of my life  
you would remember it."

time. How foolish of me!

ther kind word to say?"

"The War Cry," with another wave of its paper arm, said, "I am the heart of a sister church, a good Salvationist who has been with me to many places where there has been need of cheer and help and salvation."

At the last-mentioned word there was a rustling of paper hands and nodding of paper heads.

"Bister Truslove has been with me into the prisons, and workhouses, and infirmaries, the drinking-saloons and lodging-houses, as well as into the homes of the people, and she stands for the big crowd of Salvationists who help us to carry on the work we were brought into the world to do."

"I have pleasure in introducing my children and grandchildren to you," said "The War Cry." And before Truslove realized what had happened she found herself being introduced to the entire company of all the world.

### AFRICANS AND INDIANS

Trueblood's imagination supplied many pictures; for instance, when the "Ukukhula Mkosi" made its obsequies, she saw all the native races of South Africa amongst whom it circulated, and when the Indian "War Cry" and the vernacular "War Cry" of the Great Dependency passed her, her heart swelled with sympathy for the millions of Indians amongst whom Sai-

There was the Caps "War Cry," with its suggestion of Boar and British farmer Salvationists; the Canadian "War Cry," so suggestive of many a noble fight from Newfoundland to Vancouver. What a crinkling of paper there was and what a bowing and thinking, for each and all recognised in Truelove a real helper in their work. Then came the "En Avant" from war-stricken France and Belgium, and the "Kriegsruff" from hardy-pressed Germany, "Krigsrufen" from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark were

represented by the personifications of "Sota-  
Huuto," "Strids Ropet," "Krigsrobet, and  
"Krigerabet."

Nor most Switzerland and Italy and Holland  
and Russia and Swedish-America be left from  
the records of this remarkable Christmas ex-  
perience. In many languages, True Love heard

words of thanks, and her heart was very full. South America and the West Indies attracted True-love very much, for her heart is set upon missionary work, therefore when the "El Cruceado" and the West Indian "War Cry" bowed to her she conjured up many thousands more of dusky people to whom the message of Christmas should be taken, Australia and

New Zealand, needless to say, were apologetically generous in their many words of thanks.

Then there was a sudden rustling of paper again, and a voice saying, "Well, we'd better get a Huetia on here, because she realizes what has just happened and the wonderful company had disappeared. Then, so it seemed to her, she could hear the angels singing a song of thanksgiving, and there was music, too—music that sounded strangely familiar. Why, yes, Truslove sat up and rubbed her eyes. Certainly, it was, "Hark! the herald angels sing."

"The door was shut," she said, and into the room streamed a company of laughing comrades who had been making the sportsville ring

## The Christmas Tree in Holland

POPULARIZED AND  
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SALVA-  
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## REDUCED TO POVERTY



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**FOUND EMPLOYMEN**

Men and women—ordinary working-people, some of whom she knew well—were invited to the church to celebrate Christmas with Christ in their hearts, and told of the difference between their Christmas Days now that they were saved, and before when they lived without Christ.

And, as she sat there, she could not help crying while thinking of the unhappy home she had in her life. She remembered the long, cold hours there. There was very little cheer and light there—a couple of almost bare rooms, few articles of furniture after the manner of the poor.

Years ago, when they got married, he

## WHAT IS A PROPHET?

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of the Salvation  
in books by its  
e present General  
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**FRIENDS** who shall benefit under be given any info direct or through viscra.

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to our meetings by the Christmas-tree and the children's singing have got converted as a result; one interesting instance is new in my mind.

It was Christmas Day, and a meeting such as I have described was in progress. The large Hall of our Corps looked very

filled when a little, middle-aged woman entered. Judging from her appearance and she must have known better days, her garments were of good cut and material, though new worn threadbare and scarcely sufficient to protect her from the bitter cold. Her face bore the marks of long and patiently-endured suffering. She entered timidly, and sat down on the edge of a back seat, as if afraid she was intruding.

she been in an Army meeting, and even  
thing seemed strange to her. But right  
from the beginning she was interested  
all she saw and heard, and was es-  
pecially impressed by the beautiful sing-  
ing—the Christmas songs of the child-  
ren who sat on the platform in their simple

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Army can  
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and Mrs. B  
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white frocks, made her think of what singing in Heaven will be, when white-robed angels and the children together around the throne of God, tears started to her eyes while she listened.

And then such wonderful testimony were given! Men and women—ordinary working-people, some of whom she knew well—testified to the joy they found

And then such wonderful testimonies were given! Men and women—ordinary working-people, some of whom also knew well-versed to the joy they found in celebrating Christmas with Christ in their hearts, and told of the difference between their Christmas Days now that they were saved, and before when they lived without Christ.

celebrating Christmas with Christ in their hearts, and told of the difference between their Christmas Days now that they were saved, and before when they lived without Christ.

And then, as she sat there, she could not help crying while thinking of the unhappy home she had left in order to forget her misery for a couple of hours. There was very little Christmas cheer

And then, as she sat there, she could not help crying while thinking of her unhappy home she had left in error, forget her misery for a couple of hours. There was very little Christmas cheer and light there—a couple of almost bare rooms, far one article of furniture after the other had been sold, or taken to pawnshop. Her husband had been out of work now for many months, and, worse

light there—a couple of almost bare room for one article of furniture after other had been sold, or taken to pawnshop. Her husband had been out of work now for many months, and, worse all, it was through his own fault.

Years ago, when they got married

to, or 317 Carlton

to, or 317 Carlton  
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**REDUCED TO POVERTY**  
His employer got to know that he

A motherly soldier who saw her cry went to her as soon as the Prayer Meeting began, and her sympathy so won Mrs. D.'s confidence that she over-

he also talked very straightly to her band about his drinking habits, and advised him to go to the Army mess which he did.

O. accompanied her husband to meetings, and also gave her home to Ood, and both have since been sworn as Soldiers. Their Christmas this year will indeed be better and brighter than any other.

adquarles, Toronto or Winn-  
g, and statements of account  
d balance sheets, which, duly  
dated by firms of repute, are

[illegible]





## EDITORIAL NOTES

### Certainly Better Than Wish

It is usual to wish people a happy Christmas. We do. Better than that, we would call the attention of every one of our readers to the fact that having a happy Christmas, whatever their condition or circumstances may be, is a matter over which they have complete control.

One can readily imagine many situations of life in which it would seem, humanly speaking, to be absolutely impossible to be in a frame of mind that could be said to have the slightest approach to happiness.

But the marvel of the Grace of God is that when the soul is consciously right with Him, no matter what storm may disturb the surface, below all else there is a calmness of spirit, a settled realization that God rules, and that under His direction, Love and Justice will be perfected, and that in deed and in truth everything does work out for the good of those who love and serve Him.

To the declaration that all may have happiness in this description we would add, the wish that all may also be at this Christmas, in enjoyment of those physical and material blessings which, while their absence cannot disturb the inward peace of the soul of the servant of God, are intended to, and do, add to the comfort and enjoyment of life—and do so in an immeasurably greater degree where all is right, than where the inward calmness of realization of condemnation on account of sin eats out the heart of every pleasure.

### The Most Exasperating Spectacle

WHAT would be said of the man who, drowning, flings away the lifebuoy that is in his grasp? What of him who turns from the fire-escape back into the flames? What of him for whom, when on the gallows, a reprieve came, but who kicked loose the bolt and hanged himself?

What then of the world that, overwhelmed by the flood of sin, and condemned to eternal death, persistently refuses to be saved?

The most pitiful, the most exasperating, the most dreadful spectacle in the whole universe to anyone who has eyes to see it must surely be that of man's blind rejection of that which he needs above all else—God's great, all-sufficient Christmas gift of redemption from the power of sin.

### Has Christianity Been Tried?

It is now nearly two thousand years since Christ came, says someone, and surely the state of the world to-day after so long a trial of Christianity is proof that it is a failure.

Wait a bit! Has Christianity been tried by the world? It is true that there has never been a time, not even when there has been the greatest corruption, when God has not had His witnesses to the efficacy of the plan which He has devised for saving the world, but never has the world tried His plan. How then can that be called a failure that has not been tried? And if there has been no age without its witness to the success of the plan, what can excuse the world for not trying it?

There have been two great failures. One is admitted, but the other is as yet seen only by a few, but, thank God, there are signs that the vision is spreading.

Everybody to-day admits that the system of the ancients, which gave, all to the strong and not only despised, but destroyed, the weak, was a failure.

### Failure That Must Be Acknowledged

THERE is now a clamour on every hand for the mending of society on the principles of Christianity, at any rate so far that men want other men's dealings with them to be thus. Examination of the demands of organizations and individuals who would indignantly deny they have, or wish to have, any connection with religion, will show how true this is.

It is the failure of Christianity without Christ that men must see and acknowledge before they can hope to get out of the impasse into which their pride and selfishness has led them.

Men want God's Christmas Gift without acknowledging the Giver. They want the advantages of Christianity without its obligations. They think all that has to be done is to draw up and adopt a code of rules.

What is only beginning to be dimly seen is that the requisitions that Christianity makes upon human nature cannot be met unless it is radically altered from what it naturally is.

The essential of Christianity which is overlooked by those who covet and steal its rules of life (at any rate for imposition upon others) but reject Christ, is that in His plan God provides for the regeneration of the man before He expects a change of life. Without Christ there cannot be brought about this change. With Christ, all is possible, for indeed the work He came to earth to do, and which was accomplished before He returned to Heaven, was to complete a plan of Salvation which includes everything that is comprehended in or necessary to Redemption.

### Ourselves and Those Who Help Us

ONLY a few words are required in this connection. It will be readily understood by all our readers, by painful experience in their respective walks of life, that it has only been by careful planning and the closest co-operation that amid the almost universal increase of prices, the Editorial and Printing Departments have been able to produce a thirty-two page Christmas number, with covers and art section in colours, without an increase in price.

One innovation which we think will be appreciated is the using of line drawings instead of photographs for illustrating the portion of this number, which has perforce to be printed on the less well-finished paper. We feel sure all will agree that the clean and clear appearance of our pages has been cheaply obtained at the expense of the exclusion of all photos in this portion, which, while some would, no doubt, have had a particular and personal interest that drawings have not, could at the best have been reproduced in a poor and unsatisfactory manner.

We would not close without again expressing our special appreciation of the efforts so many Officers and other comrades make, and the self-sacrificing spirit they show, in taking such pains as they do to put "The War Cry" into circulation. In this reference we include the weekly edition all the year round, as well as the Easter and Christmas specials. By far the greatest part of the joy that editors and publishers take in their work has its origin in the knowledge that the message prepared with so much earnest and sincere desire to extend the Kingdom of God and save souls, is taken to the people for whom it is intended.

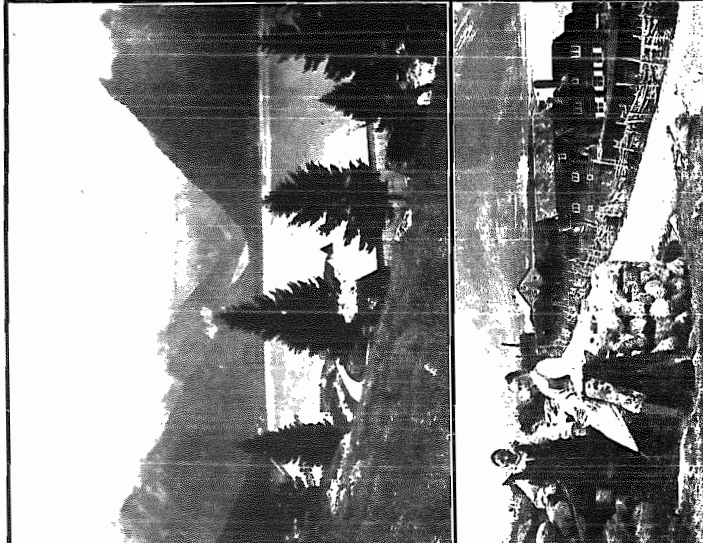
God bless all who forward the "Cry" and our other papers, and give them the greatest joy of all, the turning of men and women from sin to find Redemption.

### MAGI AND MANGER

They came across the yellow sand  
Beside with his treasure in his hand,  
And, from afar  
Where wonders are,  
They followed one unfading star.  
And still I see, though years glide by,  
The same true hearts, with purpose high;  
And, as they go  
Or swift, or slow,  
The reason of their march I know.  
For Commerce brings her golden store  
And Thought shall still her treasure pour  
And Skill shall stand,  
Her myrrh in hand,  
Which life and death alike demand.  
O Bethlehem, beloved of earth,  
Each year renews that precious birth!  
White men shall stay  
Upon their way,  
And keep again the Christmas Day.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The two coloured pictures which are the front and back covers are reproduced from illustrations by William Hole, R.A., of "The Life of Jesus of Nazareth," by permission of the proprietors of this work.



Some of the best citizens of Canada hail from Scandinavia. "The wonder," said a comrade who was shown these photos, "is that they are so different from the people of the north, as well as a further revelation to all of what a beautiful

Mountains and Fjords  
beautiful Norway

### HOW TO BE HAPPY

To make people happy is the shortest cut to being happy oneself.

To give away money or goods instead of what is needed may or may not increase the happiness of the recipients—the probability is that it will not.

Here it is that the Salvation Army can help all who wish to mark their thankfulness to God for His Christmas gifts to the world by showing kindness to their suffering fellow creatures. Its Officers are not only everywhere, but are able, with the most needy people, but are able, if the means are provided, to help them in the most effective manner.

If it is to feed the starving, clothe the naked, rescue poor girls from the streets, find work for the unemployed, visit the prisoner in jail, and give him a fresh start in life when he comes out—if it is any of these works of mercy, or of the thousand and one other directions in which the Salvation Army serves the poor and unfortunate and outcast, at home and abroad, that you desire to help at this Christmas, any money entrusted to the Organiza-

### Special Opportunities for Service

Salvation Army Officership offers to consecrated and capable men and women unique opportunities for useful and God-glorifying work in the service of mankind. There is no sphere in which more can be done by the ordinary person towards answering the prayer that is so often on our lips, "Thy Kingdom Come!" The many and varied branches of work which are carried on beneath the Blood-and-Fire Flag make it possible to utilize to advantage a great diversity of gifts.

Think of the need. Remember God's call is ever "Who Will Go?"

Intending Candidates, or those desiring information on the matter, should write to the Candidates' Secretary at Toronto (20 Albert St.) or Winnipeg (317 Carlton St.).



The  
Army  
of The  
Helping  
Hand

Ever  
Ready  
To Aid  
or Cheer



1 and 3—From the Morning of Life still. Ever ready under the Army's care.  
2—Crossing a Lapland Torrent on the way to visit a distant Outpost.  
4—Starving Poor of Pekin fed by Salvationists.

5—Corner of a Rescue Home Workroom.  
6—Receiving Cinghalese Prisoner from Gaoi.  
7—Salute from Young New Zealand—Gis. of an Army Home there  
8—With Java's Lepers.

